ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

A N O D E.

Wrote in Honour of St. *CECILIA*,

~~Written~~ by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

And an additional New Act, call'd

The CHOICE OF HERCULES.

Both Set to Muſick by Mr. HANDEL.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand.*

MDCCLI.

[Price One Shilling.]

ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

ACT *the* FIRST.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the Royal Feaſt, for *Perſia* won,
By *Philip*'s warlike Son:
Aloft, in awful State,
The God like Heroe ſate
On his Imperial Throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roſes and with Myrtles bound:
So ſhou'd Deſert in Arms be crown'd.
The lovely *Thais* by his Side
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern Bride,
In Flow'r of Youth, and Beauty's Pride.

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
The trembling Notes aſcend the Sky:
And heav'nly Joys inſpire.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

The Song began from *Jove*,
Who left his bliſsful Seats above;
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty *Love*)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God;
Sublime, on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy Breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender Waſte he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an Image of Himſelf, a Sov'reign of the World.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The liſt'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A preſent Deity! they ſhout around;
A preſent Deity! the vaulted Roofs rebound.

AIR.

With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears;
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod:
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres,

RECITATIVE.

The Praiſe of *Bacchus*, then, the ſweet Muſician ſung;
Of *Bacchus*, ever Fair, and ever Young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums:
Fluſh'd with a Purple Grace,
He ſhews his honeſt Face;
Now give the Hautboys Breath; He comes! he comes!

AIR.

Bacchus, *ever Fair, and Young,*
Drinking Joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' *Bleſſings are a Treaſure,*
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure:
Rich the Treaſure,
Sweet the Pleaſure;
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' *Bleſſings are a Treaſure,*
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure:
Rich the Treaſure,
Sweet the Pleaſure;
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain.

RECITATIVE.

Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he ſlew the Slain:
The Maſter ſaw the Madneſs riſe,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

He choſe a mournful Muſe,
Soft Pity to infuſe.

AIR.

He ſung Darius *Great and Good,*
By too ſevere a Fate,
Fallen from his high Eſtate,
And welt'ring in his Blood.

Deſerted at his utmoſt Need,
By thoſe his former Bounty fed,
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

With downcaſt Looks the joyleſs Victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul,
The various Turns of Chance below,
And, now and then, a Sigh he ſtole,
And Tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Behold Darius *Great and Good,*
Fallen, welt'ring in his Blood;
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

The mighty Maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That Love was in the next Degree;
'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Softly ſweet, in *Lydian* Meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his Soul to Pleaſures.

AIR.

AIR.

War, he ſung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour, but an empty Bubble:
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying;
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais *ſit beſide thee,*
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

War, he ſung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour but an empty Bubble:
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying;
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.

CHORUS.

The Many rend the Skies with loud Applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſick won the Cauſe.

AIR.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:

At length with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her Breaſt.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care;
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

CHORUS, *repeated.*

The Many rend the Skies with loud Applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.

End of the First Act.

ACT *the* SECOND.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

NOW ſtrike the Golden Lyre again;
A louder yet — and yet a louder Strain;
Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

CHORUS.

Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

RECITATIVE.

Hark, hark! — the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead:
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.

AIR.

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus *cries,*
See the Furies ariſe,
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flaſh from their Eyes!

AIR.

AIR.

Behold a ghaſtly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!
Thoſe are Grecian *Ghoſts, that in Battle were ſlain,*
And unbury'd, remain
Inglorious on the Plain.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Give the Vengeance due
To the valiant Crew:
Behold how they toſs their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their hoſtile Gods!

AIR.

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy.

AIR.

Thais *led the way,*
To light him to his Prey;
And like another Helen, *fir'd another* Troy.

CHORUS.

The Princes applaud with a furious Joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy.

Thais *led the way,*
To light him to his Prey;
And like another Helen, *fir'd another* Troy.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
And ſounding Lyre,
Cou'd ſwell the Soul to Rage, or kindle ſoft Deſire.

GRAND CHORUS.

At laſt divine Cecilia *came,*
Inventreſs of the Vocal Frame;
The ſweet Enthuſiaſt from her ſacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to ſolemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

RECITATIVE.

Your Voices tune, and raiſe them high,
Till they echo from the vaulted Sky
The bleſt *Cecilia*'s Name:
Muſick to Heav'n and Her we owe,
The greateſt Bleſſing that's below;
Sound loudly then her Fame.

DUET.

Let's imitate her Notes above;
And may this Ev'ning ever prove
Sacred to Harmony and Love.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Let old Timotheus *yield the Prize,*
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.

CHORUS.

Let old Timotheus *yield the Prize,*
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.

End of the Ode.

[A new Concerto on the Organ.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Interlude is chiefly extracted from an excellent Poem upon the Subject publish'd in Mr. ~~Spenser's~~ Spence's Polymetis, *and since reprinted in the Third Volume of Mr.* Dodsley's Miscellany; *no other Variation being made in the Metre than what the nature of* Air *and* Recitative *demanded; and no further Addition to the Sense than what the different Method or Plan of the Performance required.*

PERSONS.

VIRTUE.

PLEASURE.

HERCULES.

Chorus *of* Virtue's *Attendants.*

Chorus *of* Pleasure's *Attendants.*

THE CHOICE OF *HERCULES.*

ACT *the* THIRD.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

PLEASURE.

SEE *Hercules*! how ſmiles yon Myrtle Plain,
Where numerous ſparkling Rills meandring glide,
'Tis there I fix my jocund Reign,
'Tis there my laughing Train reſide.
There ſmokes the Feaſt, enhanc'd by Muſick's Sound,
Fitteſt to tune the melting Soul to Love;
Rich Odours breathing choiceſt Sweets around,
The fragrant Bower, cool Fountain, ſhady Grove.
Whither thy happy Footſteps will I lead,
Freſh Flowers ſhall bind thy Brow, freſh Flowers ſhall ſtrew thy Bed.

PLEASURE. AIR.

Come, blooming Boy, with me repair
To theſe ambroſial Scenes of Peace;
There bid adieu to Noiſe and Care,
Embath'd in Bliſs and wrapt in Eaſe.

There

PLEASURE. AIR.

There the brisk ſparkling Nectar drain,
Cool'd with the pureſt Summer Snows;
There, tir'd with ſporting on the Plain,
Beneath the Woodbine Shade repoſe.

There, as ſerene thou lieſt along,
Soft warbling Voices, melting Lays,
Shall ſweetly pour the tender Song
To Love, or Beauty's rapt'rous Praiſe.

PLEASURE. AIR.

While for thy Arms that Beauty glows,
That Love awakes its pureſt Fire;
And to each raviſh'd Senſe beſtows,
All that can raiſe or ſate Deſire.

Chorus *of Attendants on* Pleaſure.

Seize, ſeize theſe Bleſſings, blooming Boy!
For all theſe Bleſſings are thy own:
Be hail'd the Roſe-crown'd King of Joy,
And reign on Pleaſure's *downy Throne.*

RECITATIVE.

VIRTUE.

Away, miſtaken Wretch, away,
To baſer Ears go trill thy languid Lay;
Go --- to thy Revels let the Fools repair;
To ſuch go ſmooth thy Speech, and ſpread thy tempting Snare.

VIRTUE. AIR.

This manly Youth's exalted Mind,
Above thy grov'ling Taſte refin'd,
Shall liſten to my awful Voice.
His Childhood in its earlieſt Riſe
Beſpoke him gen'rous, brave, and wiſe,
And Manhood ſhall confirm his Choice.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

VIRTUE.

Riſe, Youth! exalt thyſelf and me; approve
Thy high Deſcent from Heav'n, and dare be worthy *Jove.*

VIRTUE. AIR.

Go, aſſert thy heav'nly Race;
Ev'ry Danger boldly face;
Level Pride's high-plumed Creſt,
And bravely ſuccour the Diſtreſt.

RECITATIVE.

VIRTUE.

In Peace, in War, purſue thy Country's Good,
Bare thy bold Breaſt for her, and pour thy gen'rous Blood.

Virtue, *and* Chorus *of Attendants.*

So ſhalt thou gain immortal Praiſe,
The golden Trump of Fame
Its loudeſt Notes ſhall raiſe,
And 'mid the Gods enroll thy Name.

RECITATIVE.

PLEASURE.

Hear'ſt thou, what Dangers then thou muſt engage?
Dangers that ill befit thy tender Age;
That tender Age which was but meant to prove
The ſweet Viciſſitudes of Joy and Love.

Pleaſure *ſolo, and* Chorus *of Attendants.*

Turn thee, Youth, to Joy and Love;
Why, ah why this fond Delay?
Haſte theſe bliſsful Meads to rove;
Gentle Youth, oh! haſte away.

RECITATIVE.

PLEASURE.

Short is my Way, fair, eaſy, ſmooth and plain:
Turn, gentle Youth, with me eternal Pleaſures reign.

RECITATIVE.

HERCULES.

O ceaſe, enchanting Siren! ceaſe thy Song;
I dare not, muſt not join thy feſtive Throng.

HERCULES. AIR.

Yet, can I hear that Dulcet Lay,
As ſweet as flows the Honey Dew;
Can I thoſe Wilds of Joy ſurvey,
Nor wiſh to ſhare the Bliſs I view?

AIR.

PLEASURE.

" *Enjoy the ſweet* Elyſian *Grove,*
" *Seat of Pleaſure, Seat of Love;*
" *Pleaſure that can never cloy;*
" *Love the Source of endleſs Joy.*

RECITATIVE.

HERCULES.

O! whither, Reaſon, doſt thou fly?
Purge the ſoft Charm that faſcinates my Eye.

TERZETTO.

HERCULES, PLEASURE, VIRTUE.

Herc. *Where ſhall I go?*
Pleaſ. - - - - - - - - - *To yonder breezy Plain,*
There ſweetly ſwim in Pleaſure's winding Stream.
Herc. *Where ſhall I go? Where?*
Virtue. - - - - - - - - - *To yonder lofty Fane,*
There brightly bask in Virtue's radiant Beam.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

VIRTUE.

Mount, mount the ſteep Aſcent!
Obey my Voice, and live:
Let thy celeſtial Birth lift and enlarge thy Thoughts:
Behold the Way that leads to Fame,
And raiſes thee from Earth, Immortal:
Lo, I guide thy Steps, ariſe.

VIRTUE. AIR.

Mount, mount the ſteep Aſcent,
And claim thy native Skies.

CHORUS.

Ariſe, mount, mount the ſteep Aſcent,
And claim thy native Skies.

RECITATIVE.

HERCULES.

The Sounds breathe Fire celeſtial, and impart
Immortal Vigour to my glowing Heart.

AIR.

AIR.

Lead, Goddeſs, lead the Way:
Thy awful Power, ſupremely wiſe,
Shall guide me with its ſacred Ray
To yonder lucid Skies;
Shall lift me to the bleſt Abode,
Crown'd with immortal Youth, among the Gods a God.

Chorus of *Virtue*'s Attendants.

Virtue *will place thee in that bleſt Abode,*
Crown'd with immortal Youth, among the Gods a God.

FINIS.

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